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POETRY.

From "Diogenes."
A RAILWAY RHYME.
There was a little miller,
Whose name was Charlotte Dunn,
Though there was nought of ill in her,
She loved a bit of fun.
And on an Easter holiday,
With mind all free from care
(Though 't was a melancholy day,
She went from Eustan-square,
By train; in which beside her sat
A man who seemed polite,
Talked, smiled, and looked quite wisely at
Another opposite.
Onward, onward sped the train,
Over hill and dale, and moor;
The wind sped after it in vain,
And could not get before.
The whistle sounded long and shrill,
A tunnel now they near'd,
Which near a lofty, snow-clad hill
Its dismal entrance rear'd.
Young Charlotte saw her vis-a-vis
Rise slowly from his place,
And by her side, closely he,
Sat with a smiling face.
Thought she, "These men look for a treat,
Unless I judge amiss,
And think 't will be an easy feat
To snatch a stolen kiss."
So when they in the tunnel got,
She changed her place unseen;
Yet neither of them did wot
But still she was between.
Then soon a dismal cry arose,
And raised a great alarm;
For each had knock'd his neighbor's nose,
And done him grievous harm.
Right fearfully they both drew,
And swift their clatter ran,
Where each of them became aware
That he had kissed a man!
The train soon pass'd the tunnel through,
And came again to light—
Exposed their faces all to view—
It was a sorry sight!
With swollen nose and watery eyes,
Each wot'd in right good sooth
He would the other well chastise,
And beat him without wot.
The train soon to a station came,
At which the lass got out,
And, having much enjoy'd the game,
Said, with a pretty pout,
"Good night, kind sir; so you I wish
A very pleasant ride;
And counsel you, when next you fish,
To see how runs the tide."
"Let this to you a warning be—
As to each having squawk—
If girls won't kiss you when they see,
Don't try it in the dark!"

AGRICULTURE.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF PEACHES.—Mr. John Robinson said—The cultivation of peaches may be made profitable by cultivating them in the ordinary way. A gentleman in Maryland, who is not acquainted with preserving them, feeds his pigs with peaches. The finest fruit that grows on the face of the earth, is then given to hogs. In Indiana and Kentucky, and several Western States, thousands of bushels of peaches are lost. Now peaches may be preserved by taking them when ripe, and heating them, and adding one-sixth of their weight in sugar. They must be laid on perforated woven wire, so that the juice may be drained from them, and that juice is the finest for a family syrup known. This syrup, for cooking, is superior to Malaga raisins, and might be sold in market, if properly cooked, for 20 or 25 cents a pound. The best way to dry peaches would be to erect a stove, and dry them on perforated plates. People only want the knowledge how to manufacture peach syrup to turn it into a profitable speculation. This remark is also applicable to the blackberry fruit. This fruit in Indiana would afford, if preserved, a greater profit than corn, or any other farm produce. I have bought and sold corn in Indiana for 10 cents a bushel, and I have known it to be sold at 6-14 cents. I have bought and sold corn there since 1830, for 10 cents a bushel. Now I am certain if blackberries were properly dried, they might be preserved as peaches, and turned into a very profitable speculation by farmers.

RAT PROOF BUILDINGS.—One of the most effectual modes of preventing the ingress of rats into granaries, barns, milk houses, &c., is to elevate the lower floor above the ground two or three feet, putting caps over the posts on which the building rests, made of tin, in the form of a common milk pan inverted. Indeed, common tin milk pans will answer the purpose exactly, the concavity of the interior effectually preventing the vermin from jumping up.

EXPERIMENT WITH INDIAN CORN.—A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator, says as the result of some excellent experiments, that farmers should not select the largest ears for seed, but rather those that grow nearest the ground.

LARGE CROPS ON LARGE FARMS.—If our farmers, instead of labouring to double their crops, would rather endeavour to double their time and toil, and on increase of profits.

SELECTED TALES.

GLORY WON.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

JEAN GRENELLE was the pride of his native village. His clear open brow and frank manners were but the outward insignia of a sincere, honest heart. His father, it is true, paid rent for the little farm he cultivated, but Jean felt none the less independent of the world. He had never eaten the bread of idleness, never failed in filial duty and respect, and was reverently exact in the performance of his religious obligations. This was the horizon of his ambition, and as yet no heights beyond tempted his aspiring feet.

Jean was a happy lover. He had won the heart of the fair Pauline Tonglet, and the future was spanned before his youthful vision with the brightest rainbow of promise. But hope does not always lead to fruition, and poor Jean had to take his first lesson in disappointment. When he bent his knee before the father of his dear Pauline, and asked his blessing on their union, he was met by a determined refusal.

"Pauline is a soldier's daughter," said the old pensioner, "and shall be none but a soldier's bride!"

"But think you, father," asked the young man earnestly, "that her home will be less peaceful, because her husband has no blood upon his hands?"

"Perhaps not," replied the old man sadly, "but, Jean, I never had a son to wear his father's sword, and I would fain see my only child a soldier's wife. Serve but one campaign, or bring from a single honorable field a token of thy country's approval, and Pauline shall be thine!"

Jean turned proudly from the old man, whose silver locks and trembling limbs had failed to wean him from the spirit of the camp, and sought out the loving daughter.

"Pauline," said he, "I go to seek glory for thy sake. If I fall in the strife, remember that I have no ambition save to win thee!"

The poor girl felt sobbing how his words, but found no words to mingle with her tears. She could not bid him stay, for that were to give up hope; she could not say "adieu" for her heart clung to him as the vine to the oak.

The legions of France, rushing on after the Russian and Austrian allied forces, had reached Lintz, the capital of Upper Austria, where there was a moment's pause for the scattered battalions to reunite. Napoleon who had been inspecting a fresh arrival of troops, had now retired within his quarters, where Lannes and Murat were awaiting orders for their movement on Vienna. The interview was brief, and the two officers were leaving, when the quick ear of the Emperor caught the sound of voices at the door in a tone of dispute.

"I tell you," said the sentry, "that the Emperor is too busy to see you to-night."

"See what it is, Marshal," said Napoleon to Murat, who was nearest the door.

Looking out, he replied, "It is a handsome youth in a peasant's dress, asking to see your majesty."

"Let him come in!" and Jean, accompanied by one of the *chasseurs a cheval* who formed the imperial body-guard, stood before the Emperor.

"What seek you?" Napoleon asked, fixing his keen gray eye upon him.

"Glory!" replied Jean, but there was no kindling of ambition in his eye, and only a deeper blush upon his cheek as he pronounced the magic word.

"Well, you have not to look for if you are in earnest!" said the Emperor smiling.

"Take him with you Murat, and see what you can make of him."

The surprise of Vienna by Murat, which turned, as it were, the fortunes of Europe, was one of those brilliant achievements, which however much it may be condemned in principle, cannot but be admired as a heroic achievement. The Emperor of Austria had retired to Brunn, leaving Prince Anersberg in charge of the great bridge over the Danube, which formed the approach to the capital. Every thing had been prepared in readiness for its destruction at the moment of attack—Trains of ammunition had been laid throughout its length, and it needed but a signal from the Austrian commander to blow the entire structure into fragments; while a heavy battery placed on the heights, securely cut off all approach of a hostile force, except at the risk of a general engagement.

But Murat was too shrewd for the Austrians. Having concealed a strong cavalry detachment, with a few grenadiers of the guard, in the streets of the Leopoldstadt on the left bank of the Danube, near the bridge, he advanced in company with Lannes to the platform, and walking carelessly ever, joined the Austrian officers directly beneath their battery. The staff on both sides had been in the habit of this interchange of civilities for several days, frequent communications having been necessary to conduct the negotiations which had but just now proved unsuccessful.

The Austrian officers received their cour-

MISCELLANEOUS.

Young Otto and the Mysterious Ladies.
In ancient times there lived at Mannheim a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for anything, he spared no effort to obtain it; and his passions were like the storm winds, which cross rivers, valleys and mountains, crushing everything in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he led in Mannheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Consequently, he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed in his girdle all the money he possessed, and started without knowing whether he was going. After walking several days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach. Three travelers had stopped here, and seemed, like himself, to be preparing to cross it. One was a tall, haughty woman, with a threatening mien, holding in her hand a javelin; the second, a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third, an old woman in rags, and with a haggard air. Otto saluted them, inquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest; they replied in the affirmative; he asked permission to accompany them, that he might not lose his way. All three consented, and they set out. The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid, and continued his walk, conversing with the three travelers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees when the sound of a horse's footstep was heard behind them. Otto turned and recognized a citizen of Mannheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and whom he had hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot passengers, smiled insolently, and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give all I ever expect, to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that fellow!" he said to himself. "I can satisfy thee," said the tall lady with the javelin. "Shall I make of him a blind and lame beggar? You have only to pay me the price of the transformation."

And what is the price?" asked Otto eagerly.

"Thy right eye,"

"I would willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he found himself blind of an eye. He was at the first a little surprised, but consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and that he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meantime, they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest, the road constantly becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, looked with envy on the chariot in which the young girl was half reclining. It was so skillfully constructed, that the deepest ruts scarcely jostled it.

"All roads must seem very smooth and short on this chariot," said he, approaching. "and I should like such a one myself."

"Is that all?" replied the second traveler. "I can this instant procure for you what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode, and Otto perceived a second equipage, drawn by a couple of black oxen. Recovering from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter it, when she stopped him by a gesture. "I have fulfilled your desire," said she; "but I cannot make a worse bargain than my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes—I demand one of your arms!"

Otto was at first a little discontented; but he was very tired—the chariot was before him, and as I have already said, he had never known how to conquer his desires, so after short hesitation, he accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his new carriage, but deprived of his right arm. They journeyed thus some time. Forest, succeeded forest, and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile, Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The old woman, who was walking beside him, seemed to perceive this.

"You are sad, my boy," said she; "when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness."

"What is it?" asked the young man.

"You see this flask which I have in my hand, and often carry to my lips," replied the traveler: "it contains joy, for fullness of trouble, and all the hopes of earth. Whoever drinks of it finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sisters, for I ask, in exchange, one half of your brain."

The young man this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste the liquor in the flask, which appeared to him so delicious, that after having tasted some time, he again consented.

Now all those who dispense their desires of gratitude should flatter themselves that they are grateful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The promised effect soon took place—he had scarcely drank when he felt his strength revive.

His heart became joyous and confident, and after having sung all the songs he knew, he slept soundly in the chariot without caring what became of him. When he awoke the three travelers had disappeared, and he was alone at the entrance of a village. He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the only eye he had left was dim; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered, and he could collect only half his ideas. At last he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had so lightly made; the three traveling companions whom fate had sent him had left him no resource but to beg his bread until he died.

Would you know the names of these companions? The woman with the javelin was Hated; the young girl reclining in the chariot, Indolence; and the woman with the flask, Intemperance.

The Dew-Drop and Stream.
There was melody heard among the tall ferns and lovely flowers bordering a gently streamlet, ere the morning sun had grazed the orient, or the cottager arisen from his lowly couch. As it rambled in fanciesome meanders from the mountain side along the winding glen, the rippling of its tiny waves among the green rushes came soothingly upon the ear, mingled with the soft murmur of wild bees' hum, and the sinless matins of bright-winged songsters, which filled the listening soul with pleasing emotions of happiness. The air was impregnated with the delicious aroma of the meek-eyed blossoms, as they cast their volatile sweets to the surrounding atmosphere, and laden with that exhilarating purity and freshness which forms a constant theme of the hunter's praise. The hymns of the forest warblers, the minstrelsy of the rill, and the low voice of the zephyr, that played with the reeds and willow leaves, all breathed a holy, spirit-like cadence, and seemed to confess the presence of Divinity. Over the bed of running waters a pale violet hung, "entering within the narrow cap a trembling dew-drop, when thus the streamlet spoke.

"How kind the task assigned us, my pearly friends, to restore refreshing goodness on a kind of the works of creation. The glorious king of day will soon look forth from his eastern pavilion, and awake the slumbering inhabitants to activity and duty; and while they pursue their accustomed avocations, they will be cheered and delighted with the renovated appearance of earth, which our endeavors have assisted to produce. As if smiling on our services, and appreciating their useful aid, Nature has arrayed herself in a robe of loveliness, and wears this morning a garb of emerald beauty."

"The task is pleasing, indeed!" replied the watery pearl, "but my puny efforts are not worthy the notice of one so distinguished as yourself. I've but enhanced the grace and beauty of this one humble flower, while hundreds and thousands are continually nourished and refreshed by your cooling waters; and as you move onward the meadow look more gay, the flocks and herds delight in the blessings you bestow, and the landscape is rejoicing ever in your silvery brightness. But when the sun ascends in heaven, its beams will draw me thence, and I, content that my work is done, will float henceforth an airy thing in the region of mist and clouds."

Thus, in life, no one is exempt from the great mission of doing good, though fettered by wearisome toil, lowly station, and the incommensurate of worldly cares, which seem to prevent the soul from rising and soaring whither it would—from attaining that noble excellence which is the standard of true nobility. Every person has a duty to fulfill, though trial and sorrow may fling their shadows around them; yet the blissful assurance that the rugged pathway is leading to the Christian's home, calls for cheerful, vigorous exertion, not that of monastic seclusion. Then strive on, hoping ever for brighter days coming, until, like the dew-drop, the released spirit ascends to a world of light.

BAD BARGAINS.—A teacher in a Sunday School once remarked, that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

A bad bargain indeed!

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise neglected is a untruth told. A promise attended to, is a debt settled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two Noble-Hearted Children.
It is a beautiful sight, when children treat each other with kindness and love, as is related in the following little story:—
"Last evening, (said the narrator,) I took supper with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about.
The mother went out and brought in some peaches; a few of which were large red-checked rare-ripes—the rest small ordinary peaches.
The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother.
He was four years old. Lydia went out and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.
"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.
Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.
"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father a little more sharply.
"No, father," said she, "I did not give him that."
"What did you do with it?" he asked.
"I ate it," said Lydia.
"What! Did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.
"Yes, I did, father," said she, "I gave him mine."
"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father again, rather sternly.
"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."
"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.
"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she; and her bosom began to heave, and her chin to quiver.
"But you were, my daughter," said he.
"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give him the one you told me to give." Tears began to roll down her cheeks.
"But I want you to give the best things to brother," said the noble girl.
"Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.
"Because," answered the dear, generous sister, "I love him so—I always feel best when he gets the best things."
"You are right, my daughter," said the father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"
"Yes, father," said the little girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

Be Faithful.
Yes, young man, whoever thou art, be faithful; for even in this life thou wilt find it to be of great advantage to thee. If thou art in the employ of thy fellow-man, and dost faithfully perform whatever is required of thee, thou wilt not only gain his respect and esteem, but wilt secure for thyself the approbation of all within the circle of thy acquaintance. Thou wilt find in thy journeyings through this life, that faithfulness in temporal matters will be of invaluable service to thee. It will be a recommendation that will procure for thee most any situation thou mayst desire.

But, young man, faithfulness to thy brother man is not all that is required.—Thou must bear in mind that there is another Being to whom also thou must be faithful. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—What an inducement to press on, and secure for thyself this "crown of life," that will gain for thee a mansion in thy Father's house. If thou hast turned thy face toward the New Jerusalem press on; let nothing deter thee from the path of duty.—Be faithful while it is to-day, for we have no lease of to-morrow. Thou mayst see temptations on thy right hand and on thy left, but turn aside, for thy safety depends on keeping in the straight and narrow path.

Be faithful! I well remember the impression made upon my mind by words which fell from my father's lips, as I took my leave of him for a distant land. Said my father, "It is pleasant to live near each other, but it matters little where we are, if we are but found faithful!" How true. Such I have found to be the case during my pilgrimage, and such, young man, wilt thou find to be the case during thy journey through life. In whatever country or kingdom thou hast taken up thy abode, thou wilt find it to be to thy everlasting comfort to be faithful to thy Father in heaven.

VICTUARY.—Solid virtue can be grafted upon no stock but that of religion; universal righteousness can be raised on none but Gospel principles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Signs of the Times.
E-qui, equi, non-equi, Equidome." Betty, hand me my dictionary.
Well now, who would have believed that I, Fanny Fern, would have tripped over a "stable"? That all comes of being "raised" where people permit in calling things by their right names. I'm very certain that it is useless for me to try to circumnavigate the globe on stilts. There's the "Hippodrome!" I had but just digested that humbug; my tongue got all knicked up trying to pronounce it; and then I couldn't find out the meaning of it; for Webster didn't inform me that it was a place where vicious horses broke the necks of vicious spectators.
"Jim Brown!" "What a relief." I can understand that. I never saw Jim, but I'm positively certain that he's a monosyllable on legs—crisp as a cucumber. Ah! here are some more suggestive ones.
"Solomon Teets—Milkman!" "Robert Link—Bird Fancier."—I suggest that it be changed to Bobo-link; in which opinion I shall probably be backed up by the *Musical World & Times*.
Here we are in Broadway Junior, alias the "Bowery." I don't see but the silks and satins and dry goods generally are quite equal to those on Broadway, but, of course, Fashion turns her back upon them, for they are only half the price.
What have we here, in this shop window? What are all those silk and delaines, and calicos, tickled up that way for?—"Superb," "Tasty," "Beautiful," "Desirable," "Cheap for its," "Modest," "Unique," "Gentle," "Grand," "Gay!" It is very evident that Mr. Yardsick takes all women for fools, or else he has had a narrow escape from being one himself.
There's a poor distracted gentleman in a milliner's shop trying to select a bonnet for his spouse. What a non-compos! See him poise the airy nothings on his great clumsy hands! He is about as good a judge of bonnets as I am of patent ploughs. See him turn in despairing bewilderment from blue to pink, from pink to green, from green to crimson, from crimson to yellow. The little witch of a milliner sees his indecision, and resolves to make a coup d'etat; so, perching one of the bonnets (blue as her eyes) on her rory little face, she walks up, sufficiently near to give him a magnetic shiver, and holding the strings coquishly under her pretty little chin, says:
"Now, I'm sure, you can't say that isn't pretty!" Of course he can't.
And Jonathan (who is sold with the bonnet) takes it home to his wife, whose black face looks in it like an overcharged thundercloud set in a silver lining.
Saturday evening is a busy time in the Bowery. So many little things wanted at the close of the week. A pair of new shoes for Robert, a tippet for Sally, a pair of gloves for Johnny, and a sack of candy to bribe the baby to keep the peace while mamma goes to "meets" on Sunday.
What a heap of people! What a job it must be to take the census in New York! Servant girls and clerks and housewives and city folks, big boys and little boys, ladies and women, puppies and men!
There's a poor laboring man with his market basket on one arm and his wife on the other. He knows that he can get his Sunday dinner cheaper by purchasing it late on Saturday night, when the butchers are not quite sure that their stock will "keep" till Monday. And then it is quite a treat for his wife, when little Johnny, to get out to catch a bit of fresh air and a sight of the pretty things in the shop windows, even if she cannot have them; but the little feminine diplomatist knows that husbands always feel clever of a Saturday night, and that then's the time "just to stop and look" at a new ribbon or collar.
See that party of country folks, going to the "National" to see "Uncle Tom." Those poets, the bouquet sellers are offering them their stereotyped, cabbage-looking bunches of flowers, with:
"Please buy one for your lady, Sir."
Jonathan don't understand dodging appeals; beside, he would scorn to begrudge a "quarter" for his lady! So he buys the nuisance, and scraping out his hind foot, presents it with a bow, to Aramints, who "walks on thrones" the remainder of the evening.
There's a hand organ and a poor, tired little girl, sleggly playing the tambourine. All the little ragged urchins in the neighborhood are grouped on that door step listening. The *Musical World & Times* might criticize the performance, but no Cathedral *Te Deum* could be grander to that unsophisticated little audience.—There is one little girl, who spite of her rags, is beautiful enough for a seraph.—Poor and beautiful! God help her.
FANNY FERN.

The Fireside.
The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of college, but all are graduates of the earth. The burning of the university may fade from recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enshrined upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days.
So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture giving it tone and life, and surviving in no decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution founded by Providence for the education of men.

